BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 22

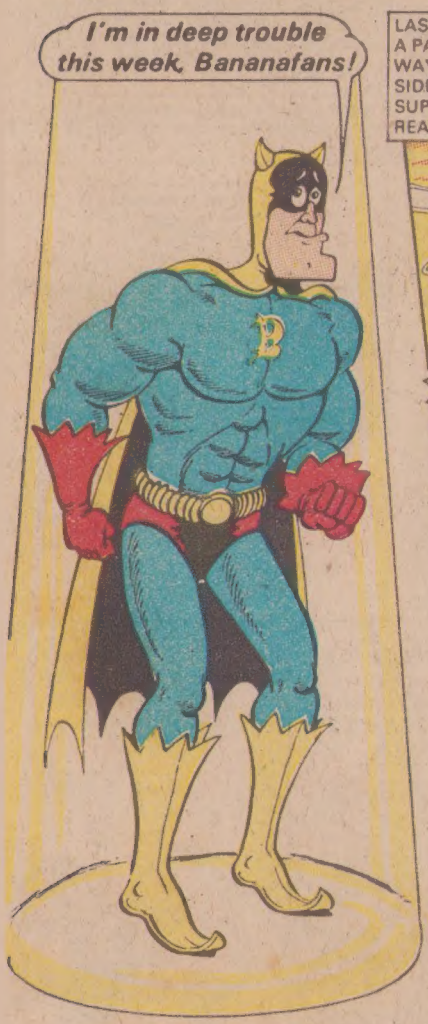
# NUTTY

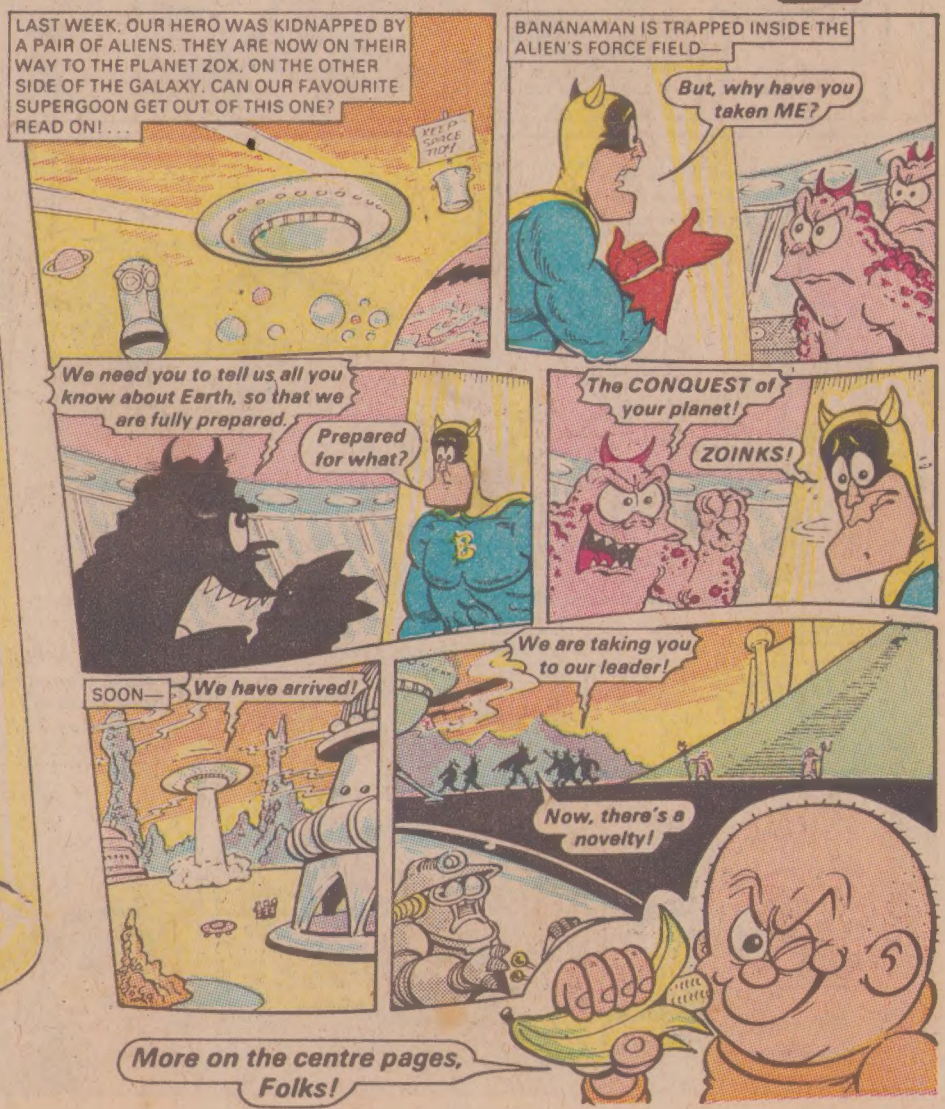
IR-17p (Inc. VAT)

No. 109 March 13th, 1982 EVERY SATURDAY 12p

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

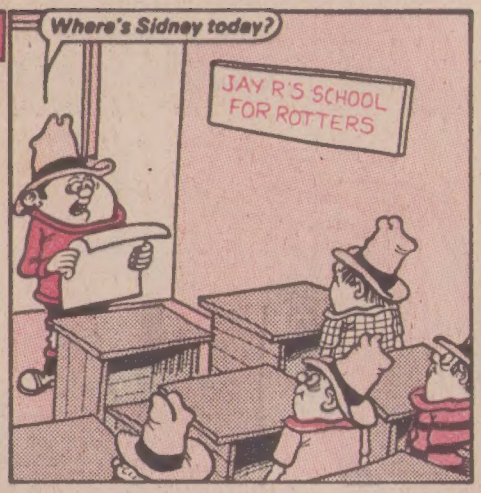
## BANANAMAN

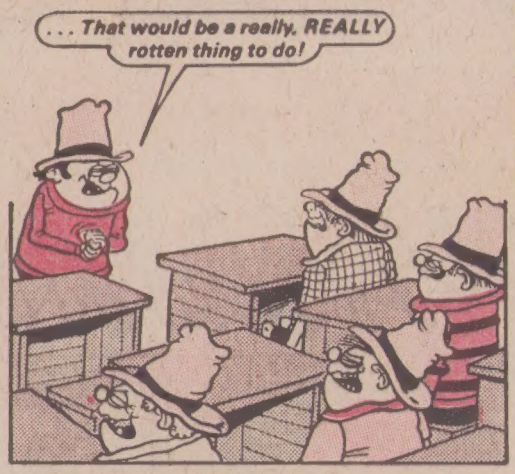


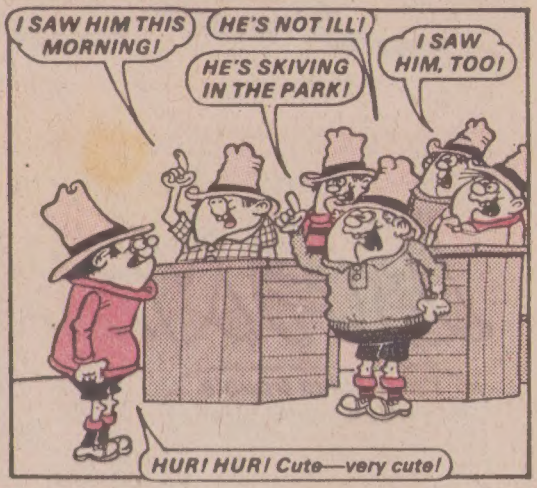


LAST WEEK, OUR HERO WAS KIDNAPPED BY A PAIR OF ALIENS. THEY ARE NOW ON THEIR WAY TO THE PLANET ZOX. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GALAXY. CAN OUR FAVOURITE SUPERGOON GET OUT OF THIS ONE? READ ON! . . .
HELP SPACE THIS!
BANANAMAN IS TRAPPED INSIDE THE ALIEN'S FORCE FIELD—
But, why have you taken ME?
We need you to tell us all you know about Earth, so that we are fully prepared.
Prepared for what?
The CONQUEST of your planet!
ZOINKS!
SOON—
We have arrived!
We are taking you to our leader!
Now, there's a novelty!
More on the centre pages, Folks!

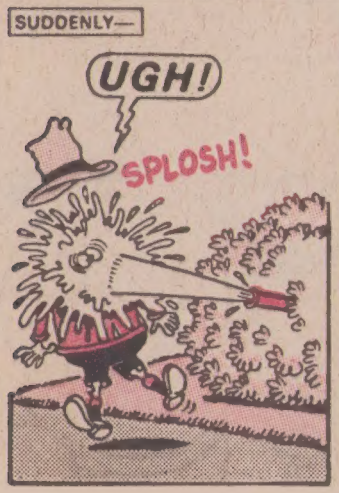
# JAY R. HOOD

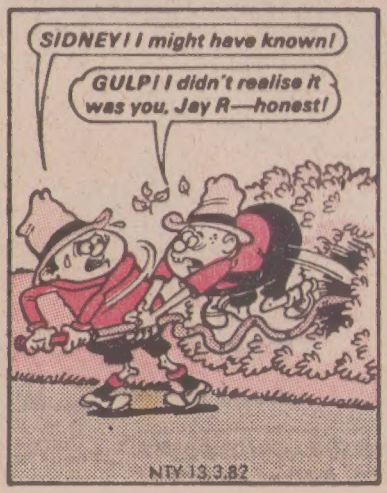
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!







# PETER Pest

SIGH!
DREAM TIME! (AGAIN)

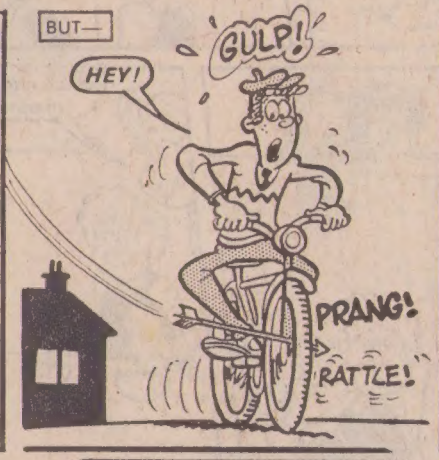
SUDDENLY—
EEEAAGH!
Wh-whassat?

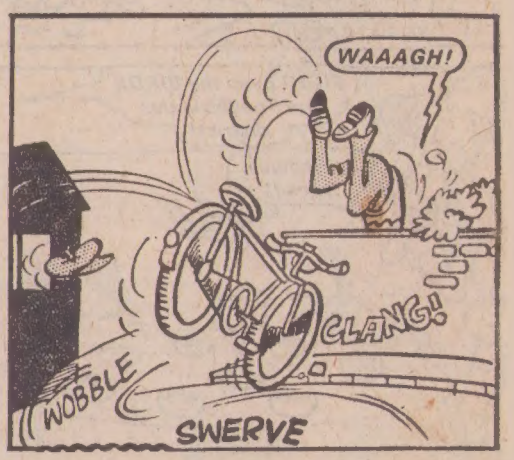
QUIET, PEST!
WHOOP! Paleface Doris want a game of Cowboys and Indians?

SIGH! Okay, Peter. There's little chance of a boyfriend today anyway.
Good on you, Doris!

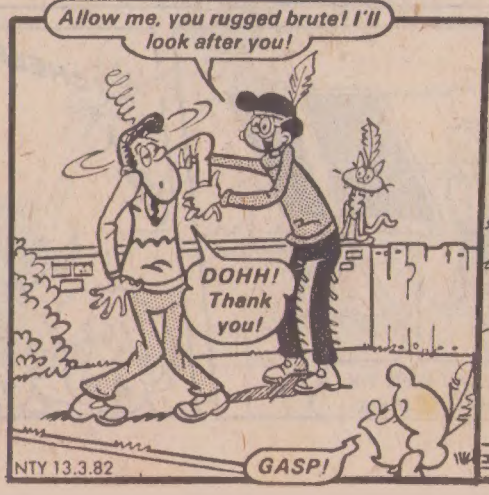
AND SO—
Try out my bow and arrow, Running Water!
CRAZY CAT!

TWANG!
WOW! Good shot, Sis!


BUT—
HEY!
GULP!
PRANG!
RATTLE!

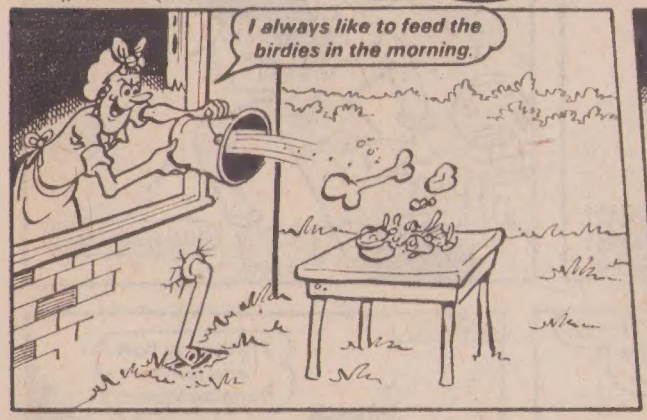

WAAAGH!
CLANG!
WOBBLE
SWERVE

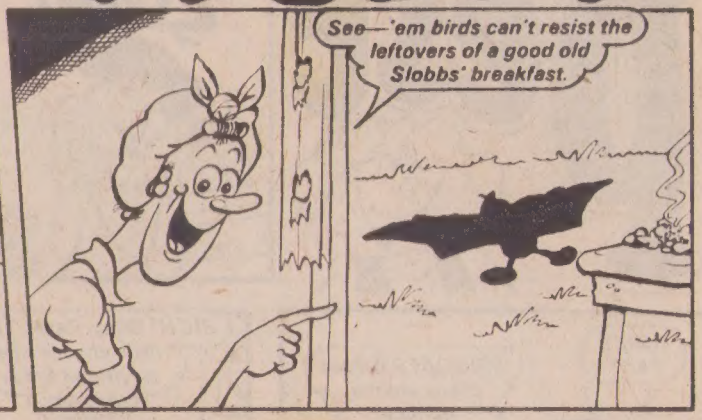
OOOH! What a dish!
THUD!
DOOF!

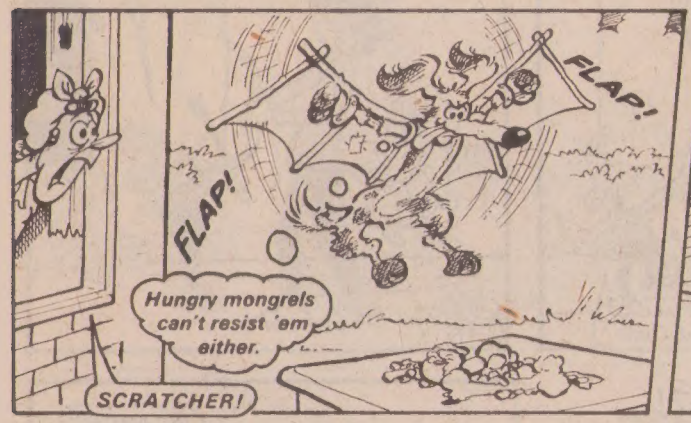

Allow me, you rugged brute! I'll look after you!
DOHH! Thank you!
NTY 13.3.82
GASP!

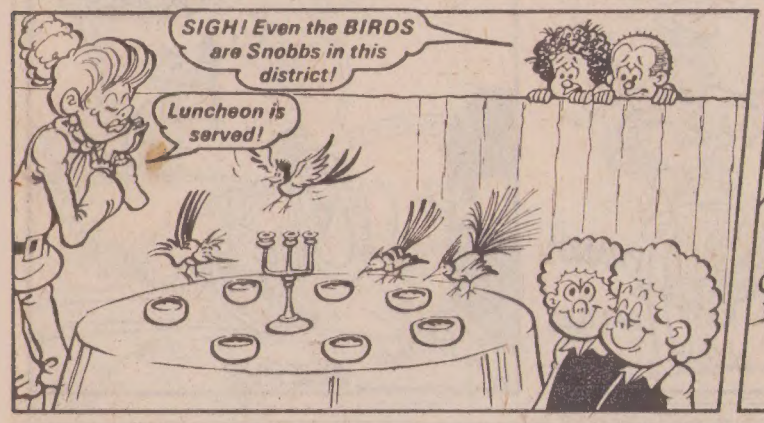
Heh! Heh! That chap had an ARROWING experience! Doris INJUNeered it somehow!

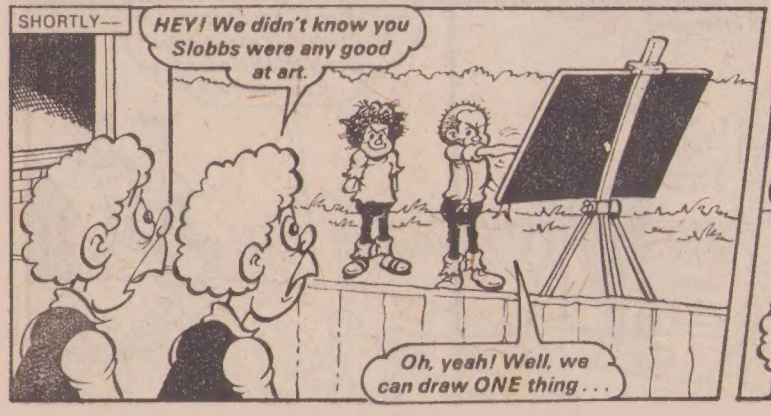
# THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

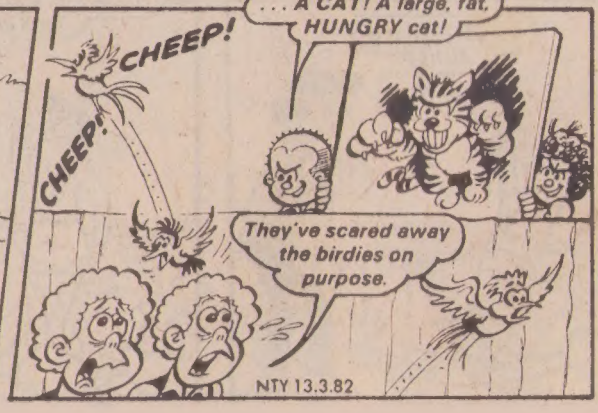






SOON—
Hmm! I could rig up a thing like that in our garden.
SO—
There! Wait'll the birds get a whiff o' that.
GROTTY GUFF
MEANWHILE—
Look at the big duckie-wuck!
I thought it was a penguin.
GRR! I'm fed-up being stared at by IDIOTS!
SWEATY PONG
UGH! Wotta pong—must be from the skunk house.
Hmm! Very interesting.
OZZIE—COME BACK!
Shan't be long!
BOUND
AN OSTRICH?!?
All the way from Africa! Beats your sparrows 'n' thrushes!
HOI! Don't be greedy! Bring that sock back!
Peace at last, and I'm safe down here from that awful pong.
HORRIBLE NIFF
OSTRICH
Hmm! It surely doesn't like nuts!
HO! HO! The Slobbs are the biggest NUTS around here!
PHEW!
UGH!
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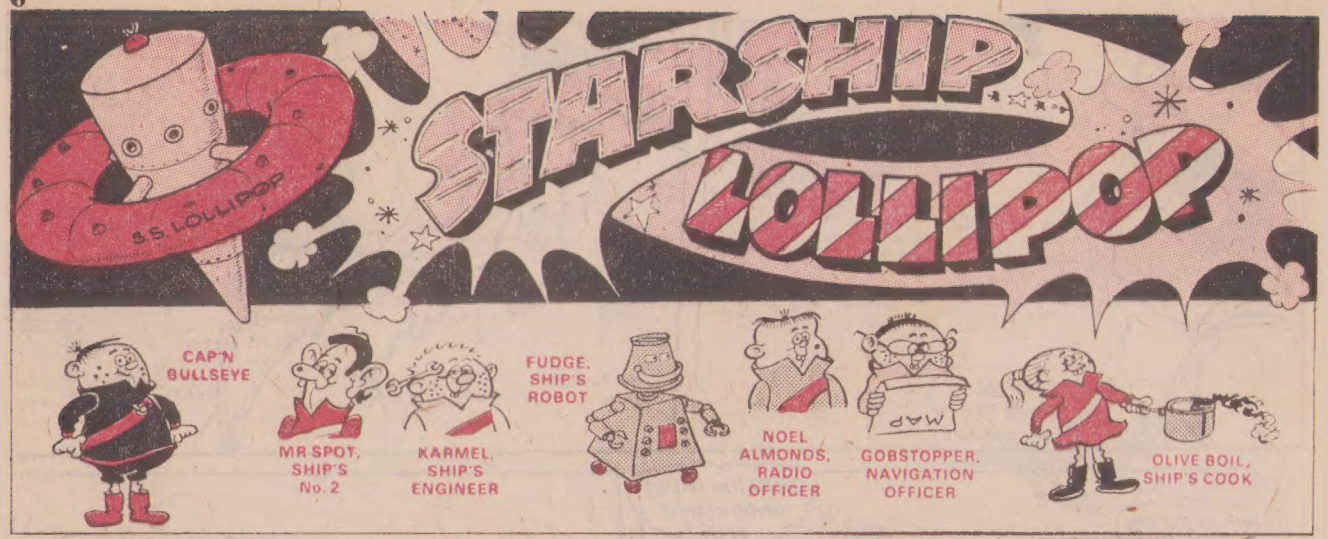
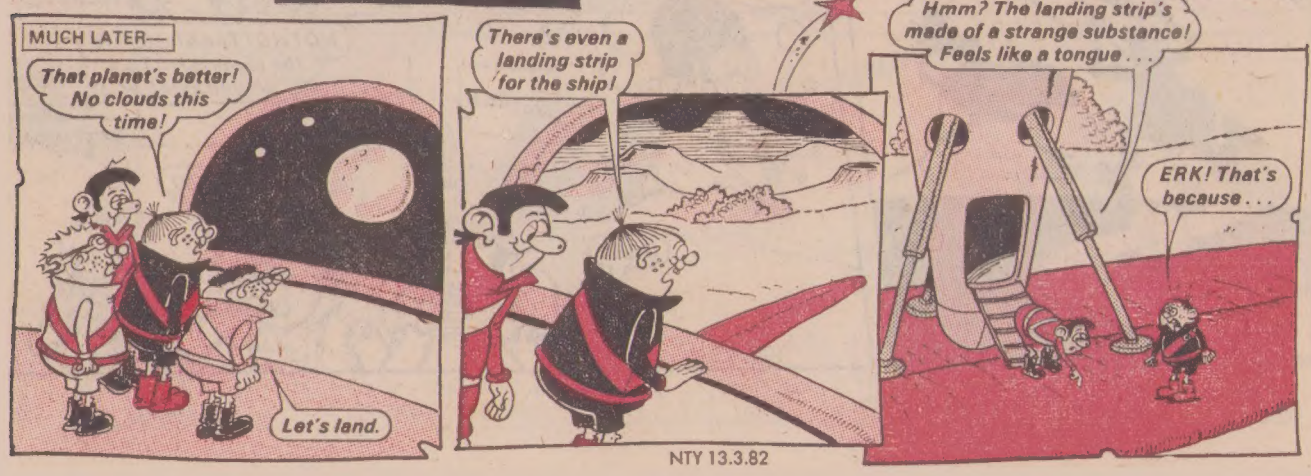
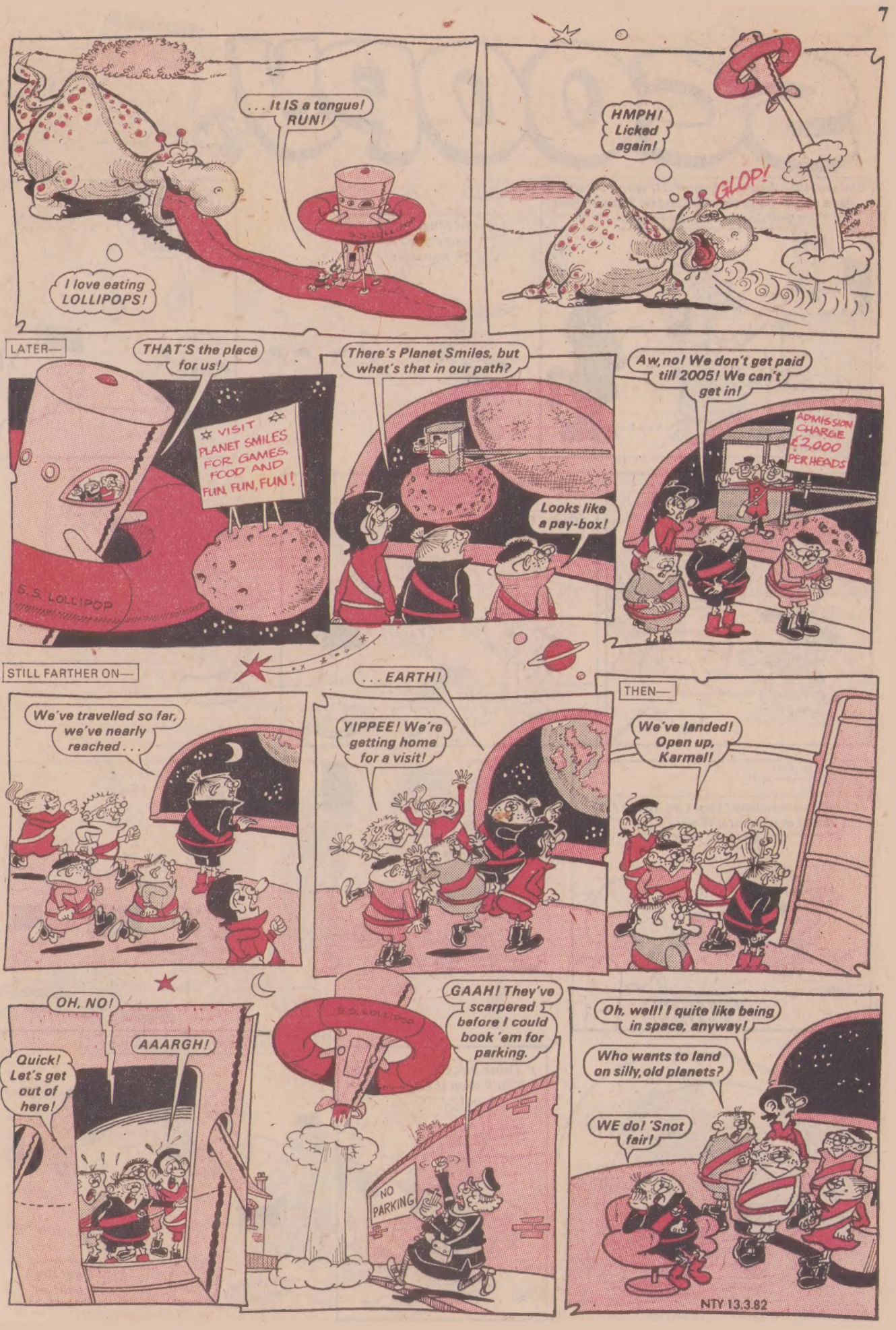
# STARSHIP LOLLIPOP



I'm bored! Wish we could land somewhere!
Yeah! We've been out in space for ages!
There's a planet! Wonder what the computer says about it?
What's "GOF", Cap'n?
No idea! We'll have to land and find out.
SAFE PLANET... MADE ENTIRELY OF "GOF"...
THE SHIP HEADS DOWN INTO THE CLOUDS...
WHOOSH!

MUCH LATER—
We're through the clouds at last!
LOOK! No wonder we took so long! We've gone right through! There's no planet—just clouds!
Useless gadget!
CLICK! BUZZ! WHIRR!
NOW it tells us!
SORRY... MIS-PRINT... PLANET MADE OF "FOG" NOT GOF...


MUCH LATER—
That planet's better! No clouds this time!
Let's land.
There's even a landing strip for the ship!
Hmm? The landing strip's made of a strange substance! Feels like a tongue...
ERK! That's because...


I love eating LOLLIPOPS!
. . . It IS a tongue! RUN!
HMPH! Licked again!
GLOP!
LATER—
THAT'S the place for us!
VISIT PLANET SMILES FOR GAMES, FOOD AND FUN, FUN, FUN!
S.S. LOLLIPOP
There's Planet Smiles, but what's that in our path?
Looks like a pay-box!
Aw, no! We don't get paid till 2005! We can't get in!
ADMISSION CHARGE £2,000 PER HEADS
STILL FARTHER ON—
We've travelled so far, we've nearly reached . . .
. . . EARTH!
YIPPEE! We're getting home for a visit!
THEN—
We've landed! Open up, Karmel!
OH, NO!
AAARGH!
Quick! Let's get out of here!
S.S. LOLLIPOP
GAAH! They've scarpered before I could book 'em for parking.
NO PARKING
Oh, well! I quite like being in space, anyway!
Who wants to land on silly, old planets?
WE do! 'Snot fair!
NTY 13.3.82

# SCOOPY!

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

THAT'S ME, FOLKS!

Bad weather, Scoopy! Even YOU won't be able to get a sports page together today. The weather will cancel ALL the games!

Not at all! I'll get a story—or I'll eat my words!

AND SO—

Hmm! Maybe I was a bit hasty! This looks hopeless!

Don't go, Lads! The match can still go ahead!

It can?

Yes! But we'll play SNOWBALL! I'll referee!

SNOWBALL! That's new to us!

ONE QUICK SHOE-CHANGE LATER—

Okay! Call! Heads or tails?

Heads!

Tails!

OOPS!

HALF AN HOUR LATER—

It's here somewhere! Don't go away! I'll find it in a minute. Wait! I'll not be long!

CHATTER! CHATTER!

EVEN LATER—

Heads it is! Off you go! Play on!

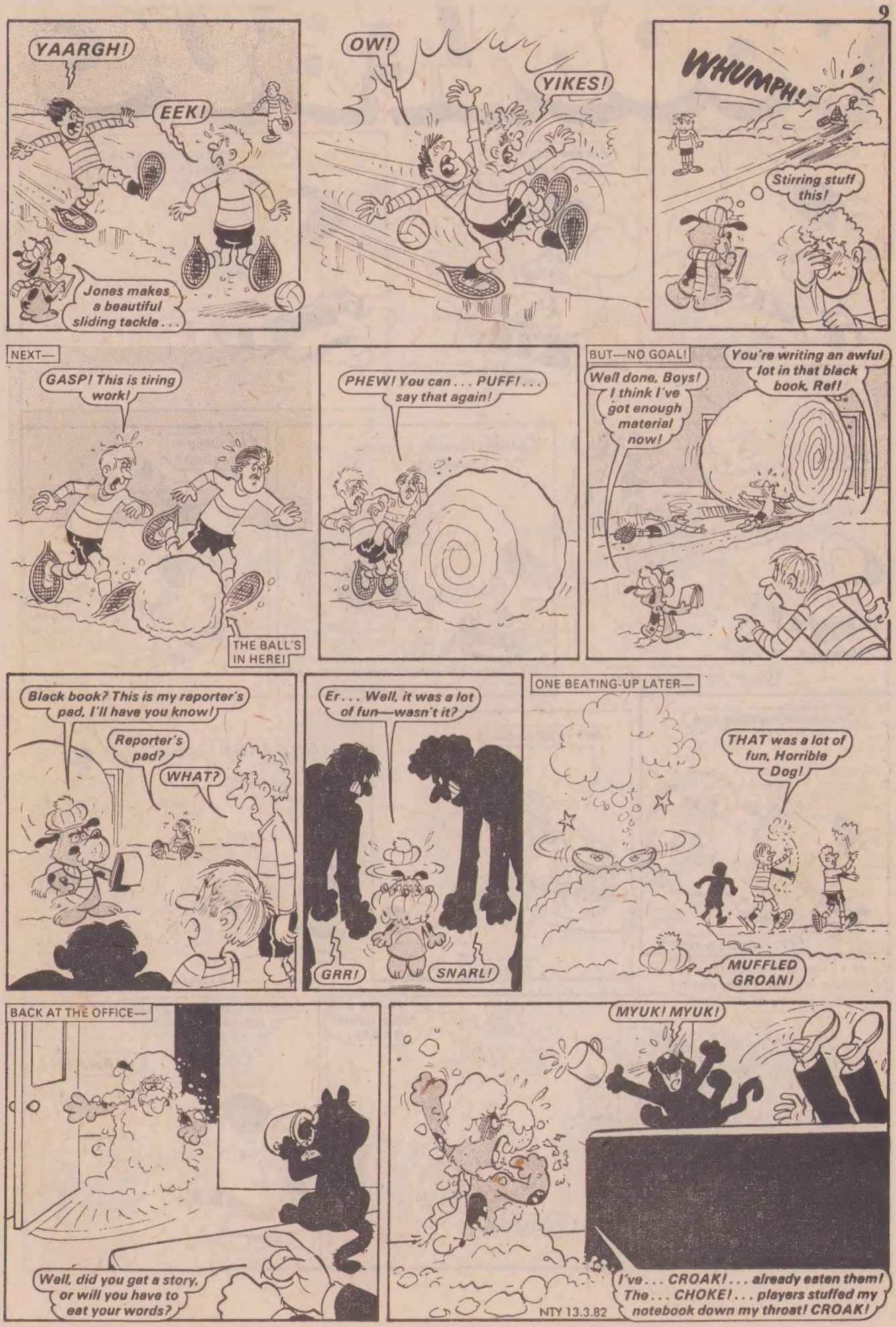
I said " Play on "!

ERK! They're frozen stiff!

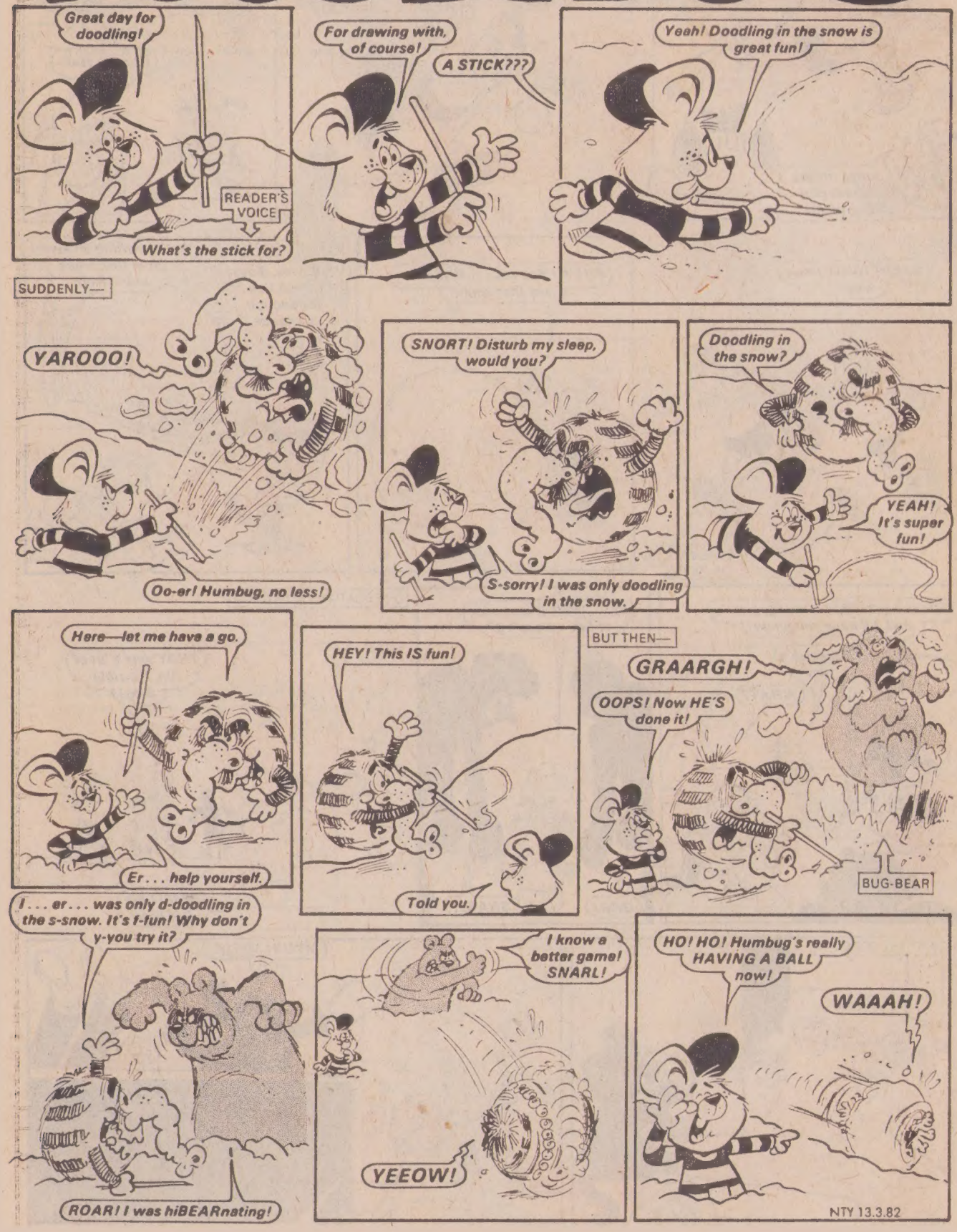
Drink this, Lads! You'll soon thaw out!

THE MATCH SOON GETS UNDER WAY—

I'll get the ball!


YAARGH!
EEK!
Jones makes a beautiful sliding tackle . . .
OW!
YIKES!
WHUMPH!
Stirring stuff this!
NEXT—
GASP! This is tiring work!
THE BALL'S IN HERE!
PHEW! You can . . . PUFF! . . . say that again!
BUT—NO GOAL!
Well done, Boys! I think I've got enough material now!
You're writing an awful lot in that black book, Ref!
Black book? This is my reporter's pad, I'll have you know!
Reporter's pad?
WHAT?
Er . . . Well, it was a lot of fun—wasn't it?
GRR!
SNARL!
ONE BEATING-UP LATER—
THAT was a lot of fun, Horrible Dog!
MUFFLED GROAN!
BACK AT THE OFFICE—
Well, did you get a story, or will you have to eat your words?
MYUK! MYUK!
I've . . . CROAK! . . . already eaten them! The . . . CHOKE! . . . players stuffed my notebook down my throat! CROAK!
NTY 13.3.82

# DOODLEBUG


Great day for doodling!
READER'S VOICE
What's the stick for?
For drawing with, of course!
A STICK???
Yeah! Doodling in the snow is great fun!
SUDDENLY—
YAROOO!
Oo-er! Humbug, no less!
SNORT! Disturb my sleep, would you?
S-sorry! I was only doodling in the snow.
Doodling in the snow?
YEAH! It's super fun!
Here—let me have a go.
Er . . . help yourself.
HEY! This IS fun!
Told you.
BUT THEN—
GRAARGH!
OOPS! Now HE'S done it!
BUG-BEAR
I . . . er . . . was only d-doodling in the s-snow. It's f-fun! Why don't y-you try it?
ROAR! I was hiBEARnating!
I know a better game! SNARL!
YEEOW!
HO! HO! Humbug's really HAVING A BALL now!
WAAAH!
NTY 13.3.82

SPORTS FAN
'SME!
NNNGH!
It's no good! Their tug-o'-war team is far too strong for us!
Har-har!
Hmph! See you back here in a month's time, and I'll bring a team that will win!
Har-har! We'll be here!
SHORTLY—
Lucy's really heavy! Just the type I want for my team!
... Glad you can join my team, Lucy! Have you any friends the same size as yourself?
Oh, yes...
... There's Belinda, Nancy, Emma and Pat. We're all in the same club!
Perfect! See you all at the sports ground in a month's time!
ONE MONTH LATER—
Hi, Fan! This will be another easy win for us!
Oh, yeah?
This must be my team arriving!
MINI BUS
NTY 13.3.82
OH, NO!!!
THAT'S the club they're all members of. We don't stand a chance now!
MINI BUS
CLUB
Skinny lot! We'll soon drag 'em over the line!

BATMAN

Continued from the front page.

Kneel before the mighty Zorg, Earthling!

And dirty my tights? NEVER!

You will tell us all you know of Earth?

Oh, YEAH? And if I don't?...

You will be reduced to a pile of dust by our death ray thingy!

What d'you want to know? I just ADORE talking to aliens!

What weapons do Earthlings possess?

Weapons, eh? You've come to the right man. Let me see...

...We've got CATTIES!

NYEEK!

Pretty lethal, eh?

BAH!

Not forgetting our PEA-SHOOTERS!

FLEE! FLEE!

FOUR! FOUR!

HMPH!

Is that ALL?

Oh, no! We've also got...

...SWEATY SOCKS!

AAAAAAARGH!

TAKE HIM AWAY AND SEND HIM BACK TO EARTH!

Does this mean you won't be conquering Earth after all?

TOO BLOOMIN' RIGHT IT DOES, MATE! PHEW!

SO

AND DON'T COME BACK!

Charming!

BOOM!

Well, I've done it again—saved Earth from the brink of destruction...

I AM A HE-RO! I AM A HE-RO!

MEANWHILE BACK ON ZOX—

Tell us, O Ugly One—why did you let the Earthling go?

Well, if all Earthlings were like him...

...They'd be totally unsuitable as slaves!

Why, Your Spottiness? Because they are too strong and powerful?

NO!...

...Because they're too STUPID!

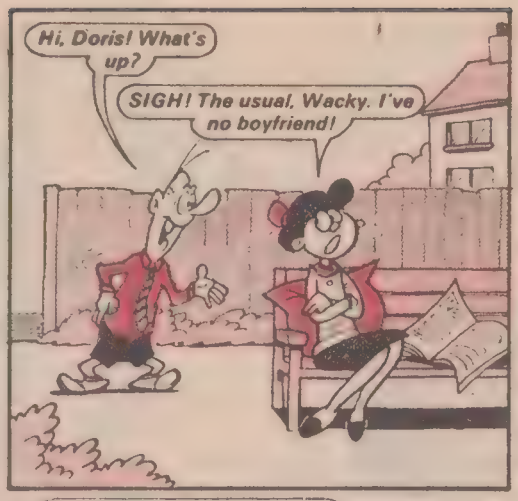
D'YOU THINK HE COULD BE RIGHT, READERS?

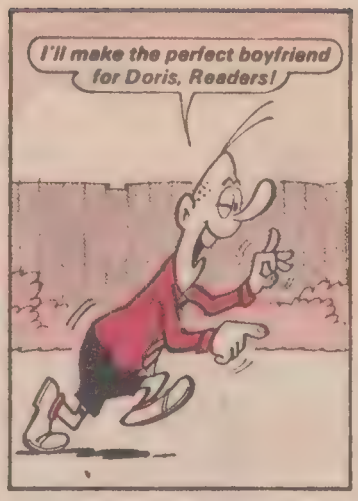
TO EARTH

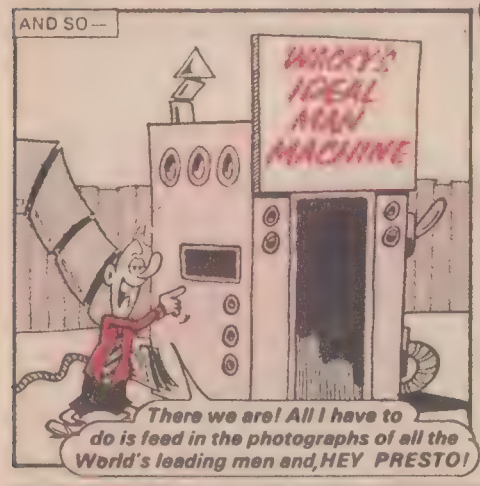
I like to go a-wandering!...

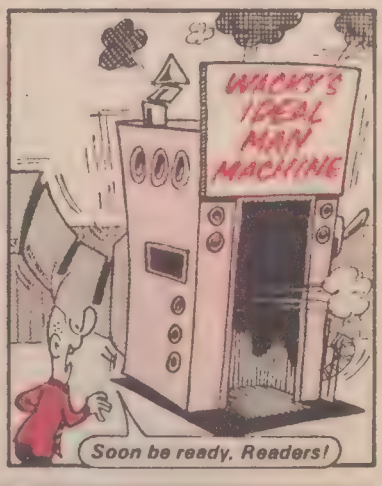
NTY 13.3.82

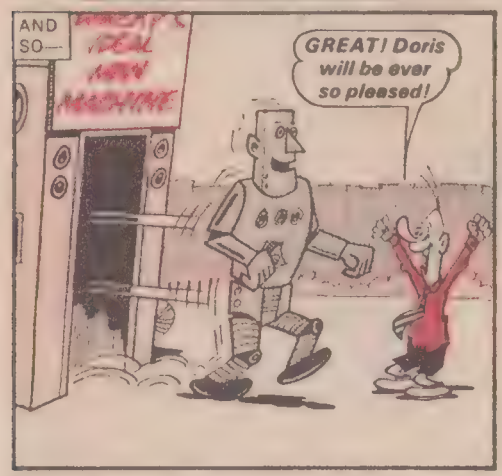
# WACKY the CRACKPOT INVENTOR

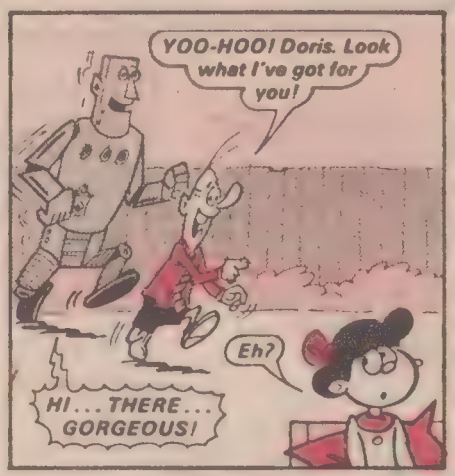


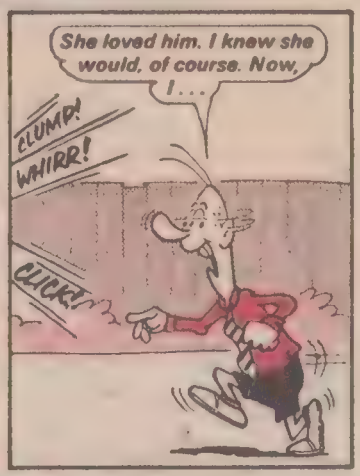



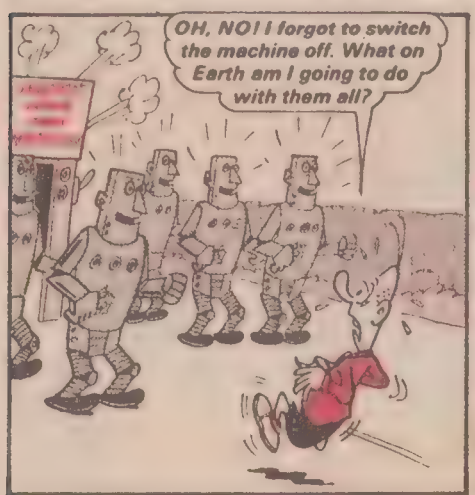


AND SO—
WACKY'S IDEAL MAN MACHINE
There we are! All I have to do is feed in the photographs of all the World's leading men and, HEY PRESTO!

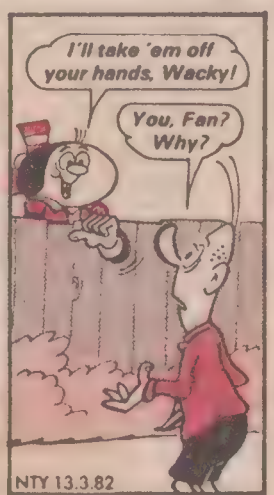


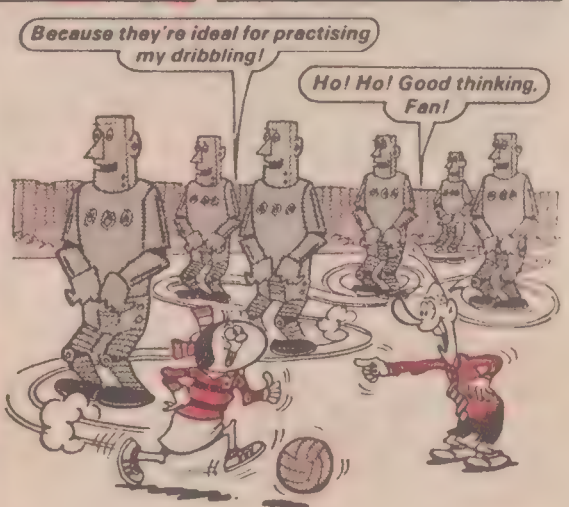



# BIG 'N' BUD

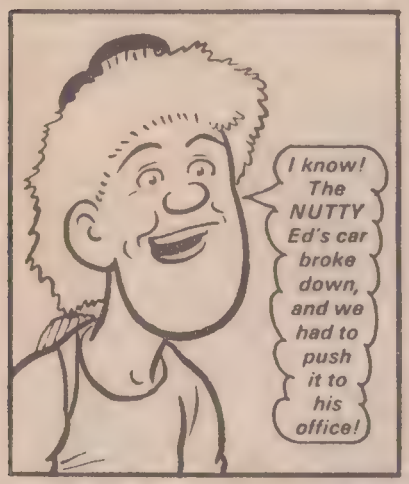
Ten past nine! We're late for school—again!
Yeah! We'd better think up a decent excuse!

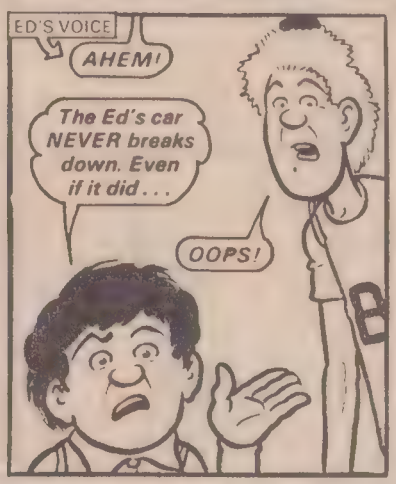
Why don't we say we were taken hostage by bank robbers?
BAN
Don't be silly, Big!

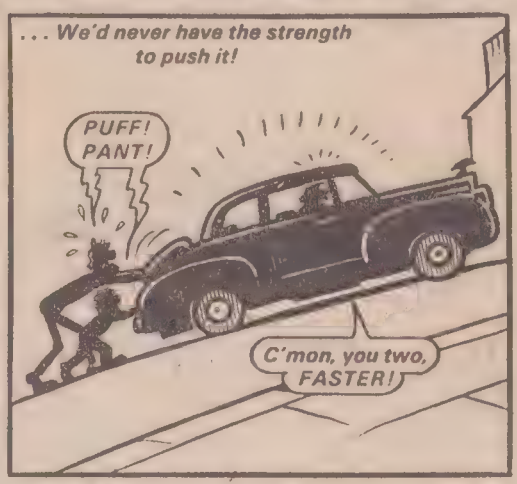
We'd still be hostages now!
We could always say we were sent home with the ransom note!

Why don't we say we were flooded out at home?

Twit! It's not even raining!
True! Never thought of that!

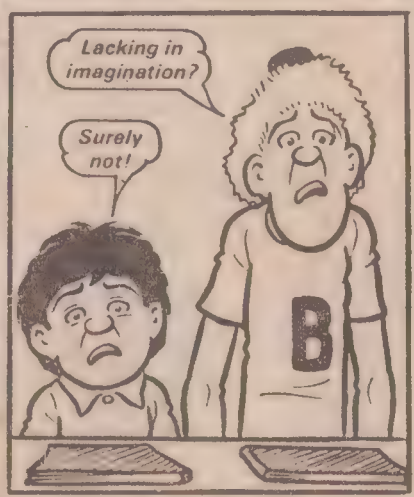

I know! The NUTTY Ed's car broke down, and we had to push it to his office!

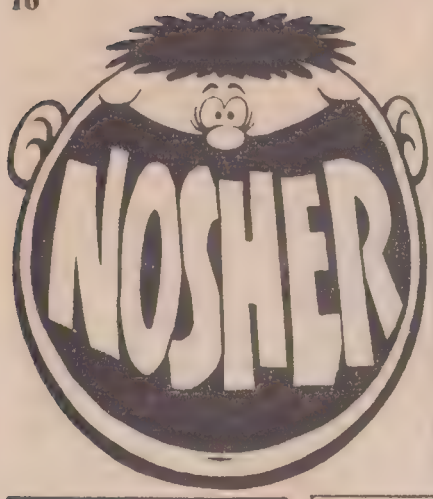

ED'S VOICE
AHEM!
The Ed's car NEVER breaks down. Even if it did . . .
OOPS!


. . . We'd never have the strength to push it!
PUFF! PANT!
C'mon, you two, FASTER!

AND SO—
We're in luck. Teacher's late as well!
NTY 13.3.82

LATER—
Here are your essays! Both are TERRIBLE!
Both of you are completely lacking in imagination!


Lacking in imagination?
Surely not!


NOSHER

Hmm! Have to go in for this!
GRAND PIE-EATING CONTEST

First of all, though, some training!

SLURP! Mutton pies! My favourite!

LUNCH-TIME—
Not the same again, Nosher?
READER'S VOICE

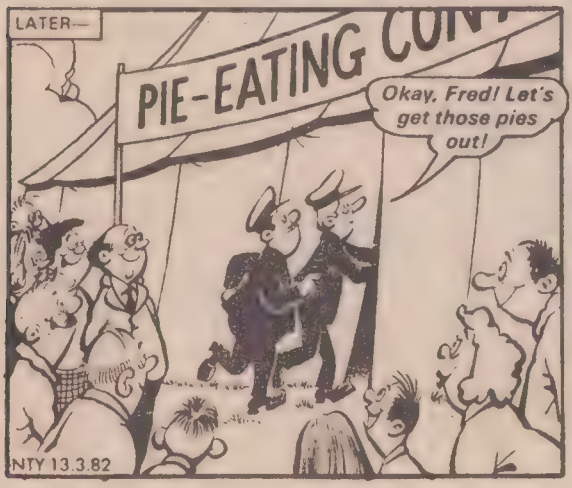
Nope! STEAK pies, this time. Got to vary my eating habits somehow!

LATER, NOSHER SETS OFF FOR THE CONTEST—
'Bye, Nosher. Sure you don't want some tea before you go?
No thanks, Mum!

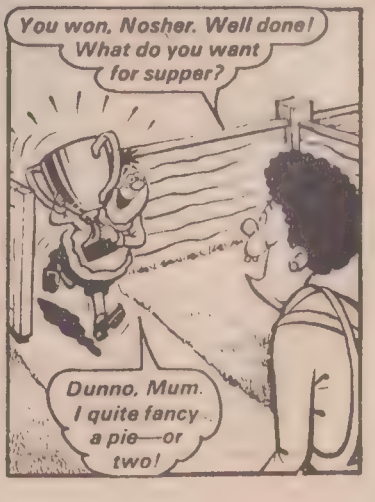
AND SO—
PIE-EATING CONTEST
FETE
I'm early! There's no-one here!

I'll wait in here!

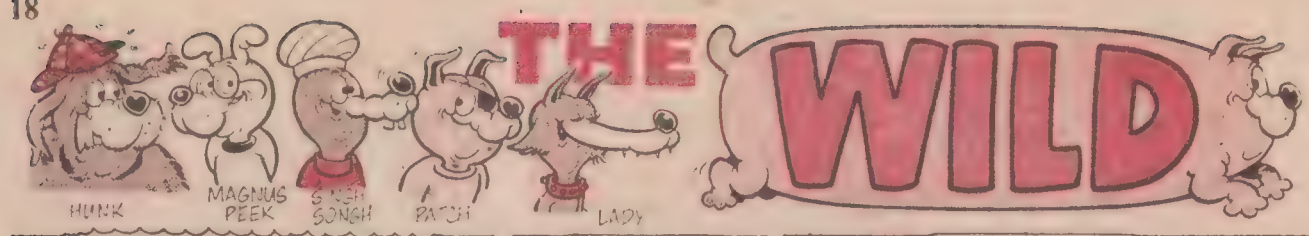
Yummy! Pies! Now, I AM a little peckish!

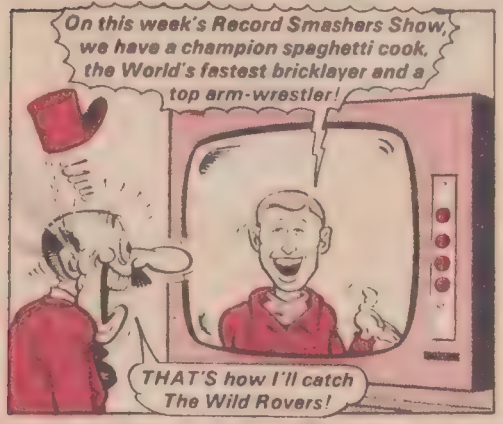

LATER—
PIE-EATING CON
Okay, Fred! Let's get those pies out!
NTY 13.3.82

WHAT ON..?
ZZZZZ
He's eaten the lot! We'll have to give him the prize!

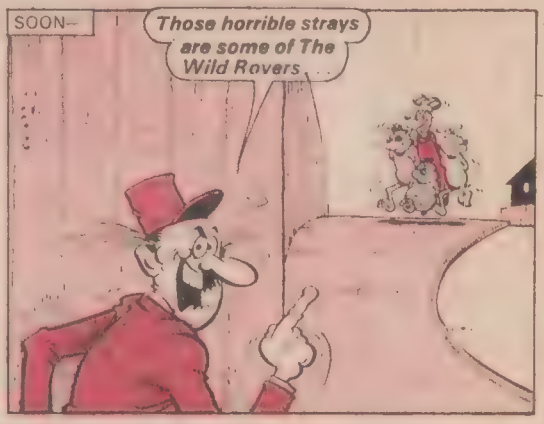

You won, Nosher. Well done! What do you want for supper?
Dunno, Mum. I quite fancy a pie—or two!

ROCKY
This cave's cold and damp, Dad!
It's not that bad! I'm off for a walk . . .
. . . Er, as soon as I break through these icicles!
Not cold and damp, eh?
Let's find a warm cave!
SO –
We can try THAT one!
Ooh! It's lovely and cosy in here! Wonder why?
ROUND THE CORNER!
THAT'S why!
ULP! A dragon!
"CENTRAL" HEATING! WITH THE "BOILER" ON!
WE'RE warm too now! YAAH!
Maybe this cave will suit us!
Well it IS warm in here!
Yes! And that's why . . .
. . . THEY'RE all here!
Let's go!
There's a cave, and those people don't seem to want it!
This is the cosiest cave I've ever been in!
It's great!
WARM
WARM
RUMBLE! RUMBLE! TREMBLE! RUMBLE!
Wh-what's that noise?
THIS FUNNY SCENE WAS SUGGESTED BY 'NUTTY' READER, MARK HAWKINS, WHO WINS A T-SHIRT!
HELP! No wonder it was warm! It was in a VOLCANO!
NTY 13.3.82

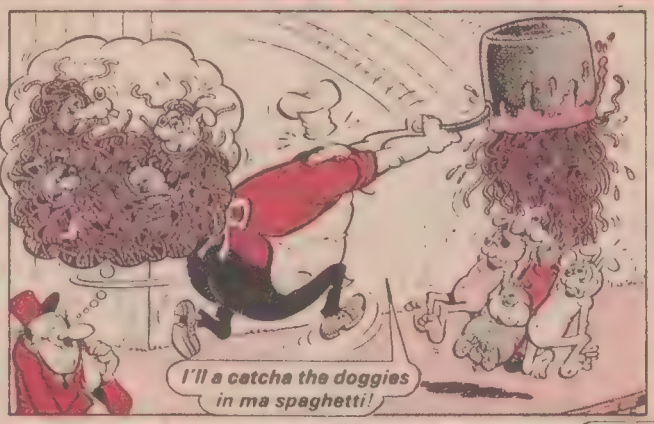

THE WILD
HUNK
MAGNUS PEEK
SOSH SONGH
PATCH
LADY

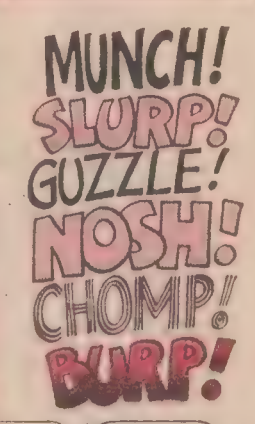

On this week's Record Smashers Show, we have a champion spaghetti cook, the World's fastest bricklayer and a top arm-wrestler!
THAT'S how I'll catch The Wild Rovers!

Er, is that the TV studio? Could you put me through to The Record Smashers Show?


SOON—
Those horrible strays are some of The Wild Rovers

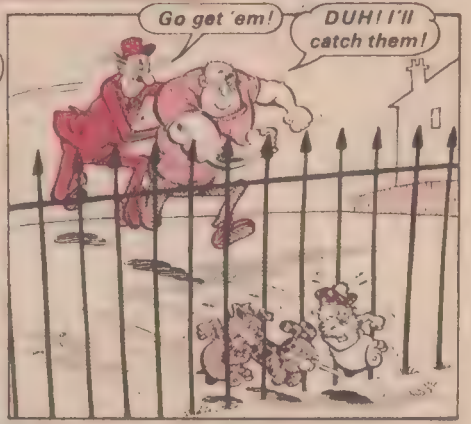
. . . And THIS is the champion spaghetti cook!
Shaduppa your face!

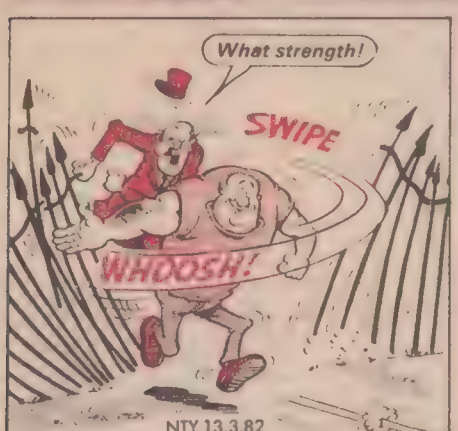

I'll a catcha the doggies in ma spaghetti!


MUNCH!
SLURP!
GUZZLE!
NOSH!
CHOMP!
BURP!

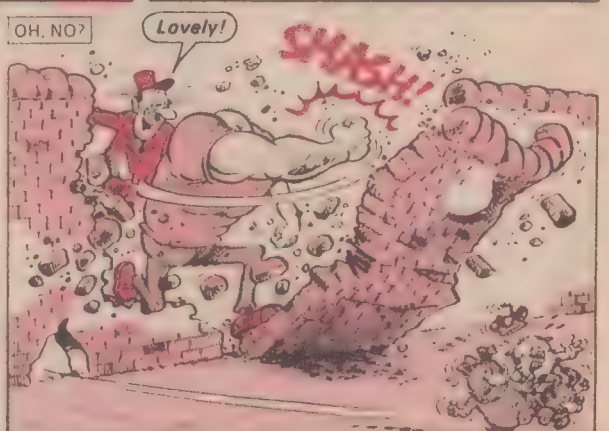
I donna believe it! They eata the lot!
NNGH!
BURP! Ta and ta-ta!

BASIL TRIES AGAIN—
This fellow's the best arm-wrestler in Britain!
AND WHAT AN ARM HE'S GOT!


Go get 'em!
DUH! I'll catch them!

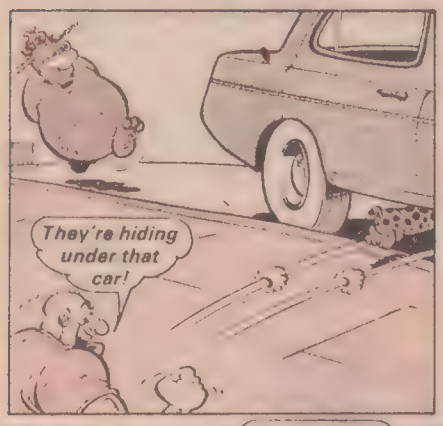

What strength!
SWIPE
WHOOSH!
NTY 13.3.82

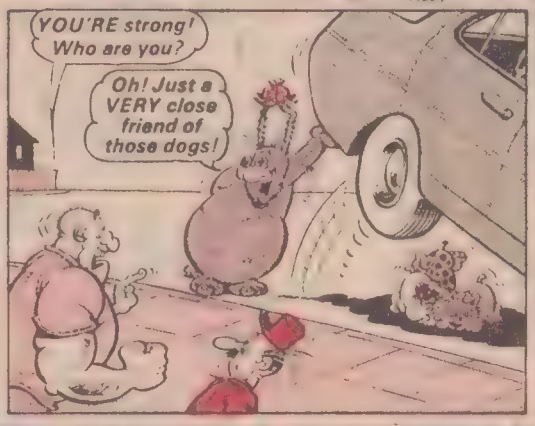
He can't follow us through here!

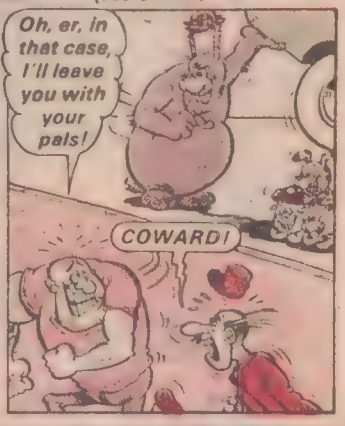

OH, NO?
Lovely!
SHASH!

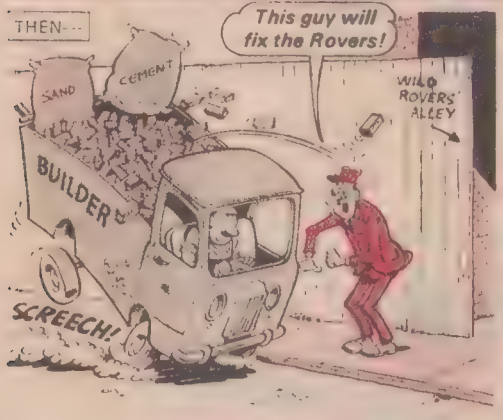
# ROVERS

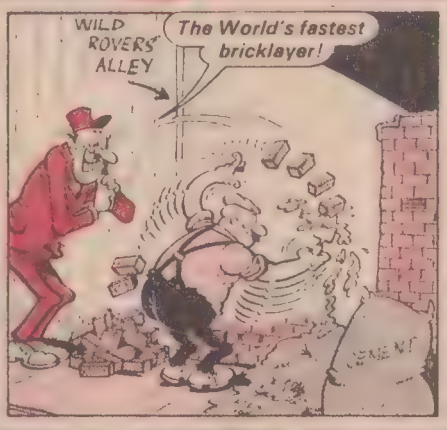
DOGSBODY
HAGGIS
SILLY VILLY
TAFF
BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

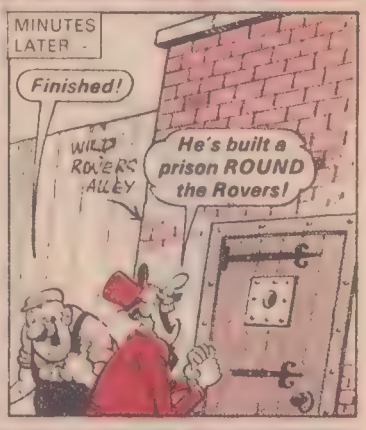

They're hiding under that car!


YOU'RE strong! Who are you?
Oh! Just a VERY close friend of those dogs!


Oh, er, in that case, I'll leave you with your pals!
COWARD!


THEN--
This guy will fix the Rovers!
SAND
CEMENT
BUILDER
WILD ROVERS' ALLEY
SCREECH!

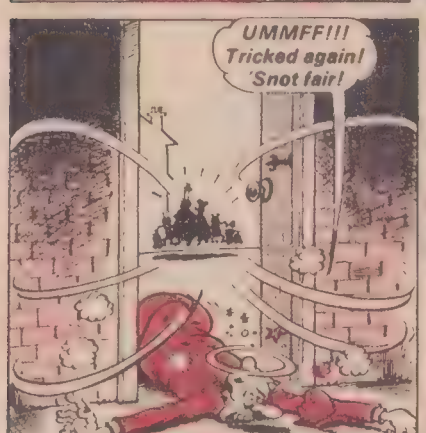

WILD ROVERS' ALLEY
The World's fastest bricklayer!

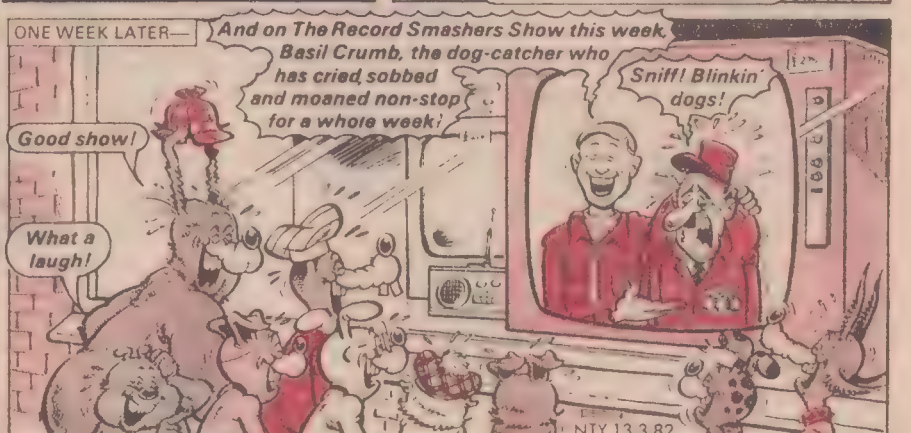

MINUTES LATER -
Finished!
WILD ROVERS' ALLEY
He's built a prison ROUND the Rovers!

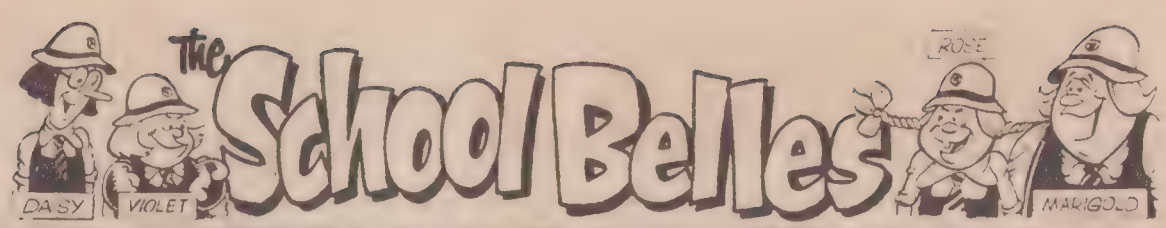
BUT
ERK! I don't believe it!
BUILDER

WHAT BASIL SEES

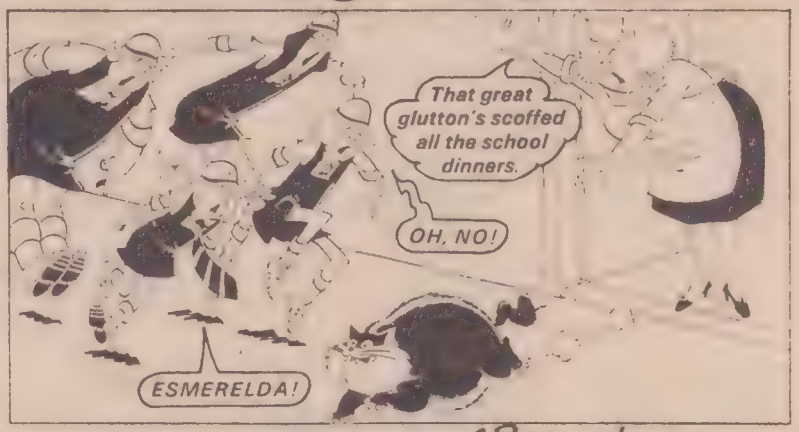
B-but where have they gone?


UMMFF!!! Tricked again! 'Snot fair!

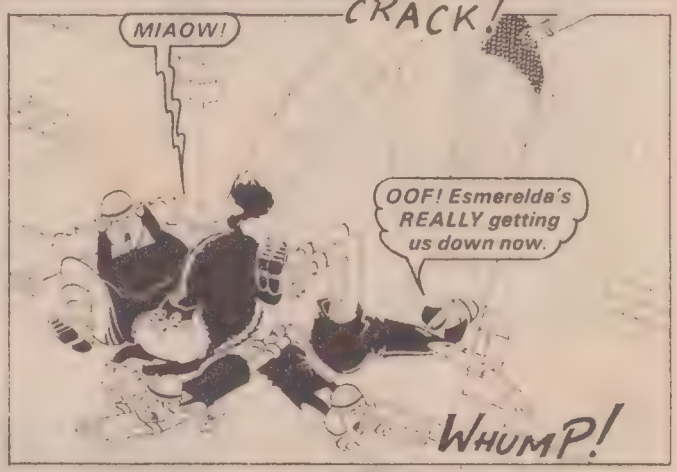

ONE WEEK LATER—
And on The Record Smashers Show this week, Basil Crumb, the dog-catcher who has cried, sobbed and moaned non-stop for a whole week!
Good show!
What a laugh!
Sniff! Blinkin' dogs!
NTY 13.3.82


the School Belles
DAISY
VIOLET
ROSE
MARIGOLD

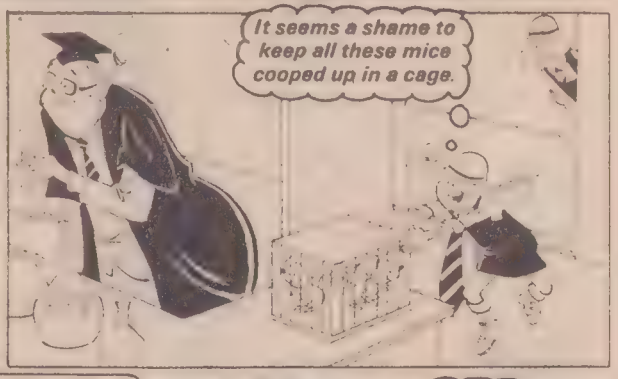
YAAHOO! It's lunch-time!
I wonder what Boadicea has for our lunch today?
I'm starving!


That great glutton's scoffed all the school dinners.
OH, NO!
ESMERELDA!

This is awful!
That cat's getting me down.


MIAOW!
CRACK!
OOF! Esmerelda's REALLY getting us down now.
WHUMP!

I've an idea how to catch that meal-munching moggie.
PURR! PURR!


It seems a shame to keep all these mice cooped up in a cage.

SO—
The cat comes to catch the mice and we catch the cat!
EEK! MICE—Fetch the school cat!

SLOBBER! MICE!
A cat!
Quick—in here, Lads.
NTY 13.3.82

HUH! Esmerelda's so fat she can't even run properly.
Yeah! With eating all OUR grub.
WHAM!
MIAOW!
HOI! Mind my shed!
Oh-oh! It's the janitor!
SHORTLY—
My Uncle Fred's dog, Fang, will soon sort out that cat.
GRR!
SUPER!
Belles, I've rustled up one of my special recipes, just for you.
Coo! Thanks, Boadicea!
SUDDENLY—
HISS!
MUMMY! I'm not tangling with that big brute!
Esmerelda, you naughty pussy!
SLURP!
BAH! She's done it again.
SCREECH!!!
It's lucky Esmerelda's such a glutton! She saved us there.
Yeah! We could've eaten that!
Our hero!
PAH! There's nothing wrong with my prune and cabbage curry!
NTY 13.3.82

CALLING ALL

# BANANAFANS!

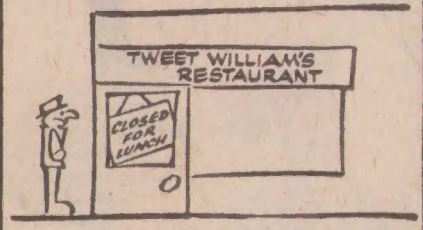
Now you can have your own BANANAMAN T-SHIRT, fans! Just send me a funny joke, drawing, poem, story . . . ANYTHING, in fact, that will make me laugh! If it's printed, I'll send you a super colour T-shirt like this one—SO GET WRITING, BANANAFANS!

## 10 BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

Here's the address for your letters—

BANANAMAN,
"NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263,
20 Cathcart St.,
Kentish Town,
London NW5 3BN.

## CARTOONS




EDWARD RAWSON, NOTTINGHAM.

ANN JEFFREY, MORPETH.

MARCEL CHEEK, LOWESTOFT.

Dear Bananaman,
My brother hates bananas. Is this anything to worry about?
ROBERT BEDDARD, LONDON.

Not really, Robert. But tell him that if you eat bananas, you grow up to be big, strong, handsome and modest—like me!

Bananaman after being squashed by Bigfoot.

PETER SWIFT, WIDNES.

That's the first time I've played SQUASH with Bigfoot!

## JOKES TEE-HEE!

"Doctor! Doctor! I feel like a pin!"
"Well, sit down and get to the point!"
PETER KIELLY, DUBLIN.

What do you call a rabbit with fleas?
BUGS bunny!
TERENCE DOYLE, WATERFORD.

Why do koala bears carry their young in their pouches?
Because it would be hard for them to push a pram up a tree!
TIMOTHY HARRIS, CINDERFORD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Joe and John were sitting in John's kitchen when a big dog came in and said, "Can I borrow your NUTTY please, John?"
"That's fantastic," said Joe. "A dog that talks and reads!"
"He's not that clever," replied John. "He only looks at the pictures — the cat has to read him the words!"
MARTIN SEED, WARRINGTON.

## SILLY SIGNS

JULIE MAHON, BURY.

Don't forget to include your name, address and T-shirt size in your letters, fans!

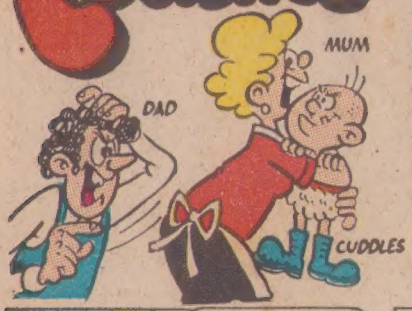
NTY 13.3.82

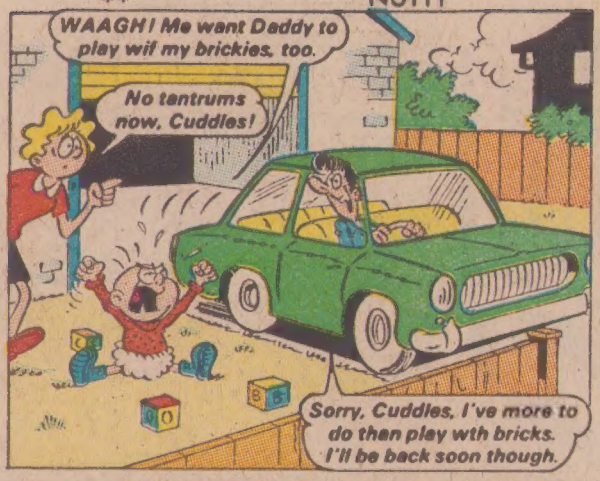
# Bigfoot

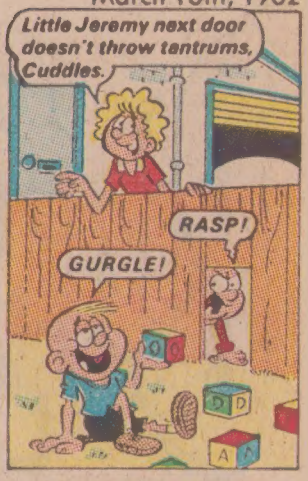
ONE MORNING—
Now I'M in charge while Mum's out so I don't want any trouble from . . .
Nutty's great this week.
BLAM!
'Morning, Hans!
. . . BIGFOOT! AARGH!
HO! HO! Hi, Bigfoot!
SEETHE! Of all the blithering, furry buffoons—why can't you be more careful?
I'm sorry! SNIFF!
SHORTLY—
SOB! I know when I'm not wanted. I won't set my big feet in this house again.
Now look what you've done!
Er, I was only giving him a gentle ticking off.
SOON—
He'll freeze out there—he's young and defenceless.
GUST!
SNIFF! I suppose he is, if you forget about his rippling muscles, seven foot frame and razor-sharp fangs.
Don't worry, Hans, I'll find the poor, lost soul and bring him safely home.
Thanks, Dad!
JUST THEN—
BIGFOOT!
SLAM!
HYUK! HYUK! You didn't really think I'd go far in this weather, did you?
Come on, I'll give you a warming bucket of soup.
THUMP! THUMP!
OPEN THIS DOOR!
I'm back, Boys. It's good to see you so well behaved.
Hello, Mum.
MEANWHILE, ROUND THE FRONT—
SNORT! No bloomin' pet's going to keep ME out of MY house.
D-DAD!?!
M-MUM!?!
ZOOM!
It was Bigfoot's fault—honest!
Don't try to blame a poor, dumb animal. RANT! RAVE!
Some dumb animal!
MUNCH!

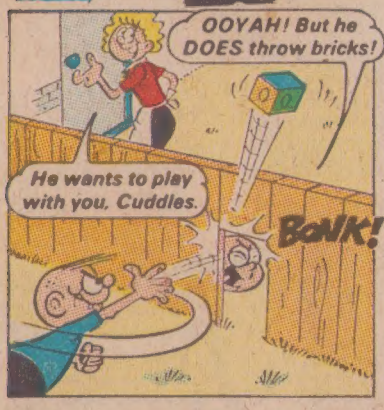
NTY 13.3.82

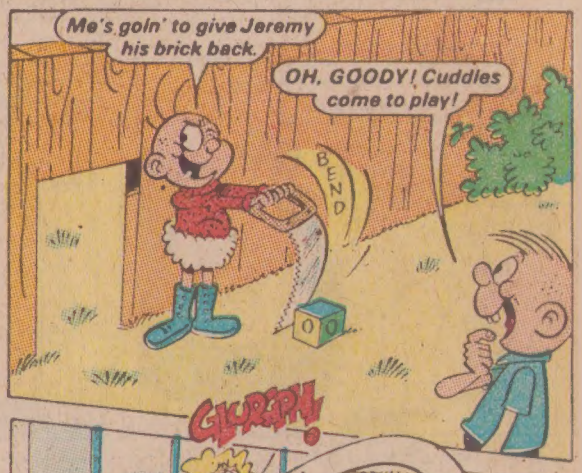
# Cuddles

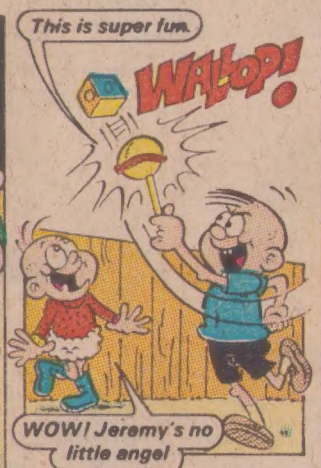


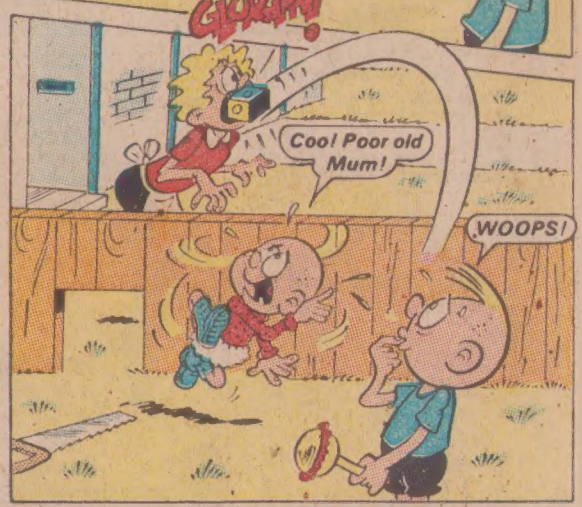


WAAGH! Me want Daddy to play wif my brickies, too.
No tantrums now, Cuddles!
Sorry, Cuddles, I've more to do than play wth bricks. I'll be back soon though.

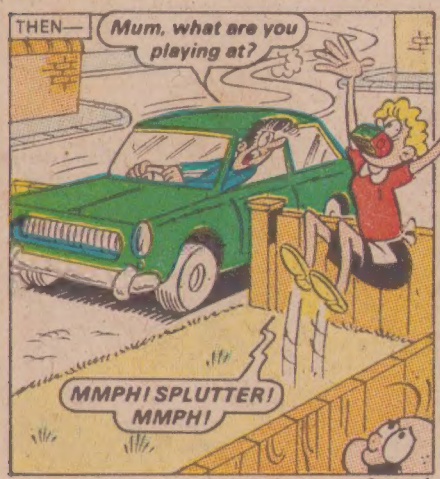


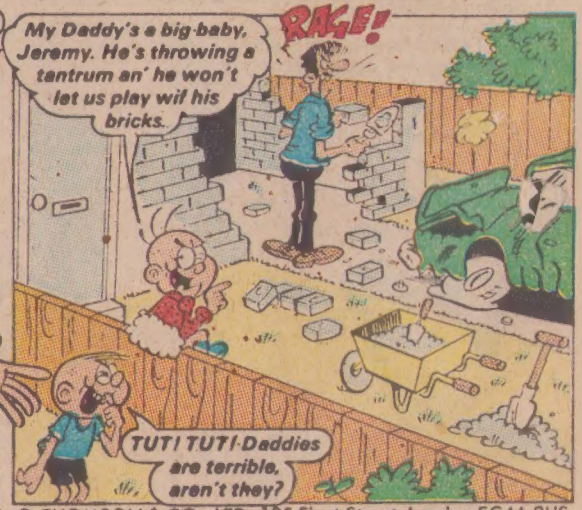








My Daddy's a big baby, Jeremy. He's throwing a tantrum an' he won't let us play wif his bricks.
RAGE!
TUT! TUT! Daddies are terrible, aren't they?

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.
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